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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1901. NUMBER 2

Class Readings In The Bible

From the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism

By

Walter L. Sheldon.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

1902

THIRTEENTH SEASON.

A FORECAST.

In view of the frequent criticism that the Tower Hill Summer School is tardy with its announcements and consequently misses the consideration it would receive at the hands of those who are forehanded and make their summer plans early, at the close of the successful season of 1901, the School itself took the next season's work into deliberate consideration and the officers were asked to take "time by the forelock" and promulgate this preliminary announcement immediately. This tentative program is born out of the very satisfactory experiences of the season of 1901 and has been so carefully thought out by the teachers and pupils of that School that it may be confidently counted upon subject to such modifications and improvement as time may develop.

DATES.—1902. July 13 to August 17, inclusive, representing five weeks of five days in the week, six Sundays.

FORENOONS.

SCIENCE, NATURE AND FIELD WORK, with special reference to the needs of children and young people and the teachers of such; 8:15 to 10:15 a. m. generally divided into two periods. Dr. O. G. Libby, Madison, Wis., Professors W. S. Marshall, Mad'son, Wis., and T. R. Lloyd Jones, Hartford, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Bowen, Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss Etta M. Bardwell, Ottumwa, Iowa, committee.

a. First week, general zoology; second and third weeks, insects; fourth week, animals from ameba to man.

b. Trees and flowers. First two weeks, flowering plants; second two weeks, trees and shrubs.

c. Birds throughout the season to suit the convenience of students.

d. Geology and astronomy, as convenient.

No text books or class exercises. The aim will be to study such life as abounds on and around the Hill, and to give such elementary interpretations and helps as will interest children and teachers in their work throughout the year and create a more lively appreciation of Nature's marvels.

LITERATURE.—10:30 a. m. to 12 m.

First Week.—Shelley and his Poet-train. Mr. Jones, leader.

Second Week.—Normal Sunday-school work. The sixth year in the "Seven years' course on Religion." "The Growth of Christianity"; The Literary, Art, Science and Biographical Stepping Stones of Progress Through the Nineteen Christian Centuries. Mr. Jones, leader.

Third Week.—The Arthurian Cycle. Miss Annie B. Mitchell, leader.

Fourth Week.—John Ruskin as a Student of Social Problems. Mr. Jones, leader.

Fifth Week.—Robert Browning's "Ring and the Book." Mr. Jones, leader.

AFTERNOONS.

No exercises. Sacred to sleep, silence and such walks, talks and drives as re-create.

EVENINGS.

Two lectures a week, freely illustrated with stereopticon. Committee: O. G. Libby, T. R. Lloyd Jones, Miss Gwen Jones, Chester Lloyd Jones and Miss Anna Nell Philip.

SUNDAYS.

Vesper Readings, 7:30, by Mr. Jones every Sunday evening. Three Sundays, double meetings, forenoon and afternoon; basket dinner in the woods; dinner, ice cream, etc., served in dining hall to those desiring it: *July 13*, Inauguration Day, "Nature Sunday"; *July 27*, "Farmers' Sunday"; *August 10*, Twenty-first Annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting.

August 17, closing preaching services, 2:30 p. m.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

FOR UNATTENDED CHILDREN.—The experience of Miss Wynne Lackersteen in 1901, in taking charge of unaccompanied children, proved so successful that she will be prepared to give personal attention and direction of study and exercise to a few boys under fifteen congenial to one another. Similar arrangements can be made for a group of girls if desired.

BOYS' ENCAMPMENT.—For twenty boys or young men an encampment in charge of a special commandant under the direct instruction of professors of the University of Wisconsin will be organized. The camp will combine what is valuable in the discipline of a military encampment without the military spirit.

Library Class.—Miss Evelyn H. Walker, graduate of the University of Chicago Library Class and Librarian of All Souls Church, Chicago, as in 1901, will have a class in library work with special reference to the needs of small libraries, Sunday-school and public school librarians.

Sketching Class.—Tower Hill offers special attractions to the art student. A class in sketching and water colors will be organized under a competent teacher, special attention being given to such water color work as is now required of public school teachers, when desired by the students.

Sociability.—The atmosphere of the school is quiet. We seek to meet the needs of tired teachers, preachers and workers and life seekers who need renewal of nerve not the excitement of society, a re-creation of spirit better than a dissipation of energy. We seek to emphasize the solemnities of life rather than the trivialities. Simplicity of dress, quiet conversation and early retiring are the leading characteristics of the school which seeks to be a SCHOOL OF REST by being a school of thought. It seeks to strengthen character rather than to impart information, to generate wholesome enthusiasm rather than inculcate method. It is nonsectarian but religious, free but earnest.

For further information inquire of any of the undersigned officers, who solicit correspondence to the end that the needs and wishes of those who attend will be met as far as possible.

President—O. G. Libby, Ph.D., University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Vice-President—T. R. Lloyd Jones, Superintendent of Schools, Hartford, Wis.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Annie L. Kelly, 9 Aldine square, Chicago.

Additional Directors—Prof. W. S. Marshall, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside Home School, Hillside, Wis.; Miss Emma Saulsbury, Ridgely, Md.; Miss Cordelia Kirkland, 174 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago; Miss Juniata Stafford, Appleton, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Bowen, 1605 Kenwood Park Way, Minneapolis, Minn.; R. H. Denniston, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; Prof. E. C. Perisho, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis.; Prof. W. H. Dudley, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis.; Miss Amalie Hofer, 530 East Forty-seventh street, Chicago; Miss Elizabeth C. Buhmann, 456 field avenue, Chicago; Mrs. Hermann Hofer Hegner, 356 North Winchester avenue, Chicago; Mrs. H. D. Osgood, 162 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago.

Conductor, JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Tower Hill Summer Encampment

TWELTH SEASON.

This is the host of the above Summer School. It is equipped with a pavilion for meetings, a general dining-room, ice house, water works, cottages, longhouses, garden, team and buckboard and the services of a man who resides on the Hill throughout the year.

The season lasts from July 1 to September 15. House accommodations for about forty people. Applications for such should be made early. Accommodations in tents for all who may apply.

Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company can be obtained for twenty-five dollars, which carries with it the privileges of a building site. Private cottages can be built for from one hundred and fifty dollars upward. The company owns sixty-two acres of ground picturesquely situated on the Wisconsin River, three miles from Spring Green, a station on the Prairie du Chien Division of the C., M. & St. P. R. R., thirty-five miles west of Madison. It is on the list of summer resorts of the above railway and special round trip summer rates are given.

See "Bits of Wayside Gospel," first and second series, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, published by Macmillan, for descriptions of Tower Hill and surroundings.

For further information, prices, etc., inquire of Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Spring Green, Wisconsin, during the encampment; for the rest of the year, 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, SETEPMBER 12, 1901. NUMBER 2

According to the *Literary Digest* the question as to whether Paul was ever married or not is a "flourishing controversy," the marriage theory making a point in Acts xxvi. 10. If he was a member of the Sanhedrin and empowered to vote he must have been a husband and over thirty years of age.

Among the many tributes to the late Empress of Germany, who seemed to have been all through life "first a woman, then a queen," none awakens more profound respect than that which says: "The hostility at court which embittered her life began with the open enmity of Bismarck, who resented her protest against the bombardment of Paris."

A colored man, once a slave, Peter Vickers, now owns 9,800 acres of farm land in Georgia, and has recently subscribed a thousand dollars towards bringing a railroad into his town. And still the insane "social" panic obtains concerning the black man among women's clubs and other circles where there are lingering relics of the old regime that assumes the essential, universal and eternal inferiority of all black men and women to any white man or woman.

Recent statistics indicate 25,000 inhabitants in Alaska, of which 7,600 are Protestants, 13,735 are under the care of the Greek Church, and about 500 are Catholics. It is said the Greek Church receives $60,000 a year from the Russian government and still its influence is declining. The Protestants, alas, are divided among ten different sects, including all the popular types, Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc. If Protestantism represented its great faiths in a simple organization, the power of the Greek Church might wane still more rapidly.

J. Sterling Morton, who will go down in history as the original tree-man in Nebraska, who has done more than any other man in America perhaps to advance practical forestry, particularly in the treeless states of the west, is now leading an active campaign in Nebraska in the interest of a unique reform, if not a revolution, in public roads. Sixty-six feet constitutes the legal width of a road in Nebraska. He would cut down the width to thirty-three feet, dedicating the other half of the road to trees, which trees are to be planted, cultivated and guarded by the road authorities. The necessary legislation will be asked for at the next meeting of the Legislature.

Prof. Arthur S. Phelps, of Yale, in *The Standard* (Baptist), as quoted in the *Literary Digest,* has been doing some valiant work in the interest of the American revision of the Bible which at last has been given to the public. The Professor expects the new version to "come into favor slowly. It took the King James version fifty years to win popular esteem." He further says that "Persons who would not be seen out-of-doors with their mothers' bonnets will valiantly defend the superiority of their mothers' Bible." And again he says:

> The man who asserted that God inspired but two books—the original texts and the Authorized Version—what shall we do with him and his doughty followers? Will it be worth our time to show him that there are three dozen verses and passages in the Authorized Version that were not in the originals at all, but have been inserted by theologians more strenuous than honest, or climbed up some other way with the Latin Vulgate as their ladder?

Our readers on the Pacific slope will be glad to learn that Henry D. Lloyd is to make a lecture tour in that section early this autumn. He is to speak on "The Newest England," which is the title of his latest book. It gives an account of an eye-witness and a skillful student of the sociological achievements in New Zealand and adjacent colonies. where they seem to be doing the things that we are talking and dreaming about in America. Mr. Lloyd is the author of another little book entitled "A Country without Strikes," being a visit to the compulsory arbitration court of New Zealand. The very title of his most famous book, "Wealth versus Commonwealth," is argument and appeal, and although written in hot blood it is a book that has never yet been adequately answered. Look out for Henry D. Lloyd. Hear him, if you can.

In the death of Henri Réville, France has lost a conspicuous citizen and the cause of liberal religion a faithful advocate. This gentleman was a younger brother to the Professor Albert Réville well known in the literature of liberal religion. M. Henri had followed a brother and father and a grandfather in the service of one church, the Protestant church of Lunerey. He was about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement when death called him. At his funeral it was said that his whole ministry was animated by the phrase, "Love one another." The London *Enquirer* says of him: "Strife was repugnant to his affectionate and peaceable disposition. He was always a conciliator of differences; a Liberal of the old school, his whole heart was given to the pastoral care of his people and to the cause of education." Great is the ministry of reconciliation. Blessed is he that is called to it and proves not unworthy the call.

Social Service, the monthly advocate of social and industrial betterment, under the able editorship of Dr. Josiah Strong and W. H. Tolman, has a significant article in the September issue on "The New Opportunities of the New South." It does not dwell primarily, as is too much the custom, on the undeveloped material resources of the South, which are incalculable, but upon its chance to avoid certain economic blunders and civic sins that are already saddled upon the cities of the North. It can avoid the "tenement house" evil before the tenement houses are built; it can provide its cities with lungs before the ground out of which parks and playgrounds are to be made are worth millions of dollars; it can anticipate the "organized liquor power" before it is organized; it can forestall the political "boss" and do much to avoid the industrial wars that are sure to come unless the passion for dollars is controlled by the larger passion for justice and intelligence.

As this issue is passing from the editorial hands, the sad news has just reached us that after a brief illness Dr. Lewis G. Janes has passed into the beyond at Greenacre, Maine, where with his family he was spending the summer. He was there as conductor of the summer school that seeks the harmonies of religion and the spiritualities of life. Dr. Janes at the Buffalo Congress seemed to be in the prime vigor of life, a clear mind occupying a sound body, the conditions of both of which had been the object of his life study. In his death the cause of universal religion has lost a most devoted champion and a painstaking student and interpreter. Under his presidency the Free Religious Association was taking a new hold of its problems and was looking forward to a new career of usefulness. Under his direction the chairman of the Local Committee at Boston Congress of Religion achieved perhaps its most significant, certainly its most successful session, in April, 1900. Representing the Free Religous Association, under which auspices the last day of the Buffalo Congress was held, he rendered most valuable assistance to that meeting. He was one of the first on the ground and last to leave, and he subordinated all other interests and attractions to this central interest to which he dedicated his life. In his untimely death UNITY has lost a long and valued supporter; the Congress of Religion one of its most active directors, and the present writer one whose friendship reaches back through long years of sympathetic confidences and strengthening correspondence. Dr. Janes was a dear, good man as well as a strong, wise man, and UNITY joins with the dear wife and the beautiful daughters in that grief that is full of light and that sorrow so closely allied to sanctified joy, for it reveals the serenities of hope and the realities of soul.

Let not the horrible calamity that has befallen this nation, the wretched act that sought the life of President McKinley, be aggravated by false interpretation. The fell deed was the result of a disordered conscience and of a confused brain, which was personal and individual rather than the exponent of a far reaching degeneracy. The deplorable act was the exception that proves the rule of the growing safety of life because this violation of its sanctity arouses such universal and unqualified horror. That the would be assassin is a Pole is a fact of much significance. His deed was not the result of Republican freedom, but of monarchieal tyranny. It is the whirlwind harvest of the windy sowing of the three crowned heads of Europe who over a hundred years ago cruelly parceled out a people and undertook to annihilate a nation. It is one more illustration of crime breeding crime, a verification or Mrs. Browning's lines:

> "There is not a crime rung upon the counter of this world
> But takes its proper change out still in crime.
> Let sinners look to it."

Let not one mad philosopher confuse the philosophy of a people. The horrible wrong done to Poland cannot be punished by visiting a wrong upon the innocent a century removed in time and removed by half the diameter of the globe in space. Neither can this wrong done by the poor, foolish Polish boy be atoned by perpetrating another wrong. Let the law deal with the law breaker, however flagrant the offense. And the governor of a great state, the man who has won a place among the national law makers, was for the moment in his heart allied to the wretched assassin when he said, if newspaper reports are true, that "This is a case for lynch law" and that "The assassin ought never be allowed to come to trial," or words to that effect. The sacredness of life cannot be increased by the taking of more life. The shot fired at Buffalo was the doctrine of doing good by violence, propagating truth by the use of powder and ball coming to an untimely fruitage. The fruitage is always ungracious though seldom so conspicuous and so manifestly deplorable. Let the fell deed be a warning to parents and to patriots. The kingdom of love can never be taken by violence. The cry of the wounded president was as wise and patriotic as it was benign: "May the Lord forgive him for what he has done." Let wrath give way to mercy, for "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

"The National Trust" is the name of an English association organized "To promote the permanent preservation for the benefit of the nation of lands and tenements, including buildings of beauty or of historic interest, to preserve as far as practical their natural features and animal and plant life." Octavia Hill seems to be the moving spirit. The *Enquirer* (London) for August 7, contains a list of ten different points of this kind and three monuments thus far acquired and held in trust, among which are the Cliffs at Barmouth, four and a half acres; Barras Head, fifteen acres; a pre-reformation "Priest House" in Sussex; a "Joiners' Hall" of 1550, in Salisbury;" Toys Hill," on a Kentish hillside; Duffield Castle, a Ruskin monument on Friar's Crag, etc., etc. Miss Hill is just now moving towards the preservation of a mile of Derwentwater Beach by the purchase of one hundred and eight acres of land at a cost of about three hundred dollars an

acre. America, particularly in the west, has few historic landmarks of great antiquity. But nature is generous here as elsewhere. Picturesque rock, noble tree, attractive river and lakeside are scattered up and down America in great profusion and they are fast passing out of the hands of the public. The vandal ax is denuding the forest and the farmers' barbed-wire fence making exclusive the most beautiful resorts. And there is no protest. An appreciation of these things must precede their protection. Miss Hill's appeal to her English fellow citizens ought to ring in the ears of thousands of men and women in this middle west territory of Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa and Minnesota. She says: "We spend large sums in costly and perishable monuments for the dead here on the shore of Derwentwater. The gift of sixty pounds will purchase a memorial whose blessing and whose charm for the weary worker on his too short holiday would be perpetual. Is there no one who would wish to perpetuate the memory of some dear friend by a gift of one acre in this tract?" Truly it was a touching gift of two shillings that came from a working man from a crowded northern city, accompanied with the words: "I had a day's outing on Derwentwater five years ago, and in memory of it I send you a small subscription, and I will ask my mates and see what I can do." Another note, containing one pound subscription, said: "I am blind and I am dying, but I once saw Derwentwater many years ago, and I beg to send you a sovereign for the good object." Who is to hold the beauty spots of the world for the benefit of the world if not the public themselves? Citizens of America, save here and there a great oak, an occasional elm avenue, a rugged peak or a shady nook for your children's children, for all the children of all your children.

Our Schools.

It was a happy and timely thought which moved the editor of the *Outlook* to give in the last issue "A Study of English Schools by an American Teacher" and "The Impressions of an American School by an English 'M. A.'" Neither article has much critical value, for confessedly they were both written from a very hurried and partial observation. But they are good reading and they set us a-thinking in these days of school openings. The American was either very unfortunate in the location of his English studies, or else the common schools, "board schools," as they are called there, are in many respects inferior to ours. The Englishman unfortunately bases his study on a single visit to a private boys' school in Massachusetts. But candor compels the admission that this Englishman had keen eyes and what he saw in this one boys' school may well be taken as representative of much in the life of the American youth. He was particularly impressed with the lack of self-restraint found in American boys and the attendant inaccuracy and hurry. He also noticed a "conspicuous harshness and loudness of the boy voices," although he leaves us to infer that morality and the standards of personal purity are higher among the American boys than those of the same class in England.

The question of a proper curriculum in our grammar and high schools is much discussed in these days. On the one hand there is a ceaseless call for change and reform, on the other hand a constant cry against fads and fanciful studies.

We will not undertake to discuss problems that belong to experts, but we do venture to suggest at the beginning of another school year that the most obvious need in the schools of America, public and private, today is courtesy, self-control and an interest in study as such, not simply in study as a means of winning the diploma and passing up while in school, and of making money and getting into "society" after the school days are over. The average American graduate of both sexes turns to life with two strong passions; one is a passion to make money without work, or, at least, to earn a living without drudgery, and the other is to have a good time. Money and fun are the main quests of the American graduates of intermediate schools today. The boy and girl graduate are up in academic slang. They are well versed in athletic lore, have a full quiver of puns and jokes and can sing college songs, but as a class they are more interested in "parties" than in poetry. They have more time and money for the dance than for the lecture. And they are seldom seen, with a favorite book, seeking companionship with genius in solitude.

America today pleads with the school teacher to make ethical the instincts of her children, to spiritualize their joys, to refine their manners, to soften their voices.

The school teachers resume their work under discouraging circumstaces. The two months and more of vacation have done much for their children physically—they come back in good blood and fine form—but seldom have they done much for them spiritually. They come back more boisterous and more selfish because generally the summer is a season of self-indulgence to children and too much so to the parents who can afford to leave the holy burdens of the home behind them for a time. "It always takes me at least two weeks in September to get the children back to the studious habits and the attentive attitude which they had in June when the school closed," said a wise teacher of long experience to the writer in a recent conversation.

In our public schools, at least, religion must not be taught directly, for obvious reasons. It is too closely allied to theology, about which there is too great a difference of opinion among the taxpayers to make it possible without encroaching upon the rights of some. But morality can be taught directly and religion must be taught indirectly in a greater or less degree. Let the school teachers realize their responsibility in this direction. Ruskin said there were but three immaterial essentials to life, i. e., Admiration, Hope, Love. Let our schools give to the children these "three essentials," and as much more as they may. Let them give what they may of any-

thing else; failing to give them these they are but poor school teachers and have not prepared their students either for college or for life. The diploma that does not carry with it the assurance of development in these lines is a delusion and a snare, a mockery to the child and a disappointment to the teacher and the parent.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

Born in New York in 1859. Was graduated at the Normal College of New York and appointed instructor in English literature there. Has published two volumes of verse, "Oberon and Puck: Verses Grave and Gay," 1885; "The Ride to the Lady, and Other Poems," 1891. As a poet she has sincerity and strength united with artistic and womanly feeling.

Fair England.

White England shouldering from the sea,
  Green England in thy rainy veil,
Old-island-nest of Liberty
  And loveliest song, all hail!

God guard thee long from scath and grief!
  Not any wish of ours would mar
One richly glooming ivy-leaf,
  One rosy daisy-star.

What! phantoms are we, specter-thin,
  Unfathered, out of nothing born?
Did Being in this world begin
  With blaze of yestermorn?

Nay! sacred Life, a scarlet thread,
  Through lost unnmbered lives has run;
No strength can tear us from the dead;
  The sire is in the sun.

Nay! through the years God's purpose glides,
  And links in sequence deed with deed;
Hoar Time along his chaplet slides
  Bead after jewel-bead.

O brother, breathing English air!
  If both be just, if both be free,
A lordlier heritage we share
  Than any earth can be:

If hearts be high, if hands be true,
  A bond unseen shall bind us still—
The only bond that can endure,
  Being welded with God's will!

A bond unseen! and yet God speed
  The apparent sign, when He finds good;
When in His sight it types indeed
  That inward brotherhood.

For not the rose-and-emerald bow
  Can bid the battling storm to cease,
But leaps at last, that all may know
  The sign, not source, of peace.

Oh! what shall shameful peace avail,
  If east or west, if there or here,
Men sprung of ancient England fail
  To hold their birthright dear?

If west or east, if here or there,
  Brute Mammon sit in Freedom's place,
And judge a wailing world's despair
  With hard, averted face?

O great Co-heir, whose lot is cast
  Beside the hearthstone loved of yore!
Inherit with us that best past
  That lives for evermore!

Inhert with us! Lo, the days
  Are evil; who may know the end?
Strike hands, and dare the darkening ways,
  Twin strengths, with God to friend!

The Seventh General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

Religion as an Experience.

By William Milton Brundage, Pastor of First Unitarian Church of Albany, N. Y.

Ours is distinctively a critical age. Old established beliefs are everywhere called in question and once more investigated. Ethical and religious dogmas are no longer accepted merely upon authority. The scientific method is applied even in the domain of religion, and the new Science of Religion has won a recognized place for itself in the curriculum of most of our great universities. The old-fashioned apologetics has broken down and is being abandoned.

Many good people disturbed by what they see about them speak regretfully of the past as the golden age of religion. Practical religion, the religion of experience, they affirm is becoming a rarer and rarer phenomenon in this critical, scientific age. Religious institutions are fast losing their hold upon the educated classes, in fact upon all classes of the people. The population is growing more rapidly than the membership of the churches. The old altars are being forsaken, the holy sacraments ignored, the great historic creeds despised. Surely religion is perishing from the earth!

It is important to note the fact that almost everywhere throughout the world the same trouble is being experienced, the same lament is heard. You hear it in Japan, in India and throughout Mohammedan countries, as well as in Europe and America. Among all peoples the educated classes are forsaking the temples of their early faith, and the religion of dogma and ritual is no longer held in the spirit in which it was held in the past. Wherever the light of modern knowledge has penetrated the result is the same. The people of the Orient may be more backward than the people of the Occident, but they are following in the same direction. What is the meaning of this great world movement? Are the good people to whom I refer correct in their interpretation of it?

I do not believe they are. None of us who are here today believe it. Our interpretation is entirely different. Certainly the facts are mainly as they have been described. The dogmas of the past, the sacraments and ritual of the past, the ecclesiastical institutions of the past do not possess the significance, do not exert the influence they once did. The forms of religion change; the theory of religion is exceedingly unstable; but *religion* as an *experience* of the *human heart* is an everlasting reality and cannot pass away.

Our noble Quaker poet was not disturbed by the changes he saw going on about him in the later years of his life:—

"The tree of Faith its bare dry boughs must shed
  That nearer heaven the living ones may climb;
  The false must fall, though from our shores of time
  The old lament be heard: 'Great Pan is dead!'
  That wail is Error's from his high place hurled.
  This sharp recoil is Evil undertrod,
  Our time's unrest an angel sent of God
  Troubling with life the waters of the world."

In so far as the priests and the church altars of various religions are being forsaken, we know that the priests and the churches have forsaken the living God. They have not kept abreast of the progress of the world. It is because the people are becoming more truly religious that the old institutions of religion fail to satisfy them. Men pray less in the old manner because they love and trust more. The religion of the Twentieth Century must clothe itself in new and living forms to satisfy the demands of the growing modern intelligence.

It is because we have so foolishly confused the creeds and sacraments of ecclesiasticism with "pure and undefiled religion" that the impression has gone forth that

religion is perishing from the earth. No longer is the mere adoption of a formal creed, the mere perfomance of certain solemn rites, the mere experiencing of a certain typical emotion considered to constitute religion.

We have come to see that a man's religion is the blossoming out into perfect beauty and significance of his normal life. We become religious in the best sense when we become men, matured men. Religion is not something artificial added on to life; it is the natural unfolding of the life itself.

Recall for a moment, how, in the past, in the recent past within the memory of the most of us here present, one was supposed to "get religion," as it was called in various church circles. Here, for example, was a man who possessed no religion; the church treated him as being utterly without it and he was persuaded that the church was right. First of all an effort was made to bring him under conviction of sin. When he had attained a certain satisfactory emotional experience he was described as a seeker under conviction. As a next step the terms of salvation were presented to him and he was taught to believe that unless he accepted these exact terms he could not be saved—that is, unless he accepted a certain creed. At the very moment that he believed, accepted the terms of salvation, he was regenerated, born again, by a supernatural act of Divine Grace. Thereupon he must be baptized and received into the church, and sanctification as another distinct supernatural act followed. All this constituted his religious experience. No one who had not passed through the various stages of some such experience was genuinely religious, for men were divided into but two classes, mutually exclusive one of the other, saints, religious men, and sinners, irreligious worldlings. Religion was something artificial, something extra added on to the normal life.

What does the best thought of our time teach concerning this matter of experiencing religion? As I interpret that thought we reject altogether the old division of men into two distinct classes, saints, men with religion, sinners, men without religion. We believe that all men are religious in just so far as they *worship*, that is, attribute worth, supreme value, to their ideals of Truth, Beauty, Goodness, Justice, Love and *from their hearts* devote themselves to the service of these ideals, actually seek to realize them in their lives, for this is what it means to truly worship.

As soon as the growing child begins to perceive, however dimly, a scale of values in his own mind, begins to pereceive that the *true* is *worthier, better,* than the false, the *beautiful* than the ugly, the *good* than the bad, the *just* than the unjust, the *kind* and *loving* than the cruel and the selfish, and begins to feel himself attracted by the one and repelled by the other, and begins to devote himself to the realization of the true, the beautiful, the good, the just, the kind and the loving, because by his very nature he feels bound to do it, he becomes a religious being, a fully developed man. His life has blossomed out into spiritual significance. His eyes are opened, no matter how feebly and imperfectly, to the existence of an unseen spiritual order to which he begins to conform. The content of his ideals may be exceedingly crude, and defective in many particulars; his conformity to them may be fitful and imperfect, as it has always been; he may believe that his ideals express the will of a personal God or but express what is in the nature of things; nevertheless he has experienced what we mean by religion. He has found his ideal. He has begun to worship. He has begun to live the life of the spirit.

You and I may consider his religion inadequate. His philosophy of the universe as he grows old enough to formulate one may differ widely from our own. He may be a Buddhist while we are Christians. But in that he feels himself related to the unseen and eternal to which he seeks freely and gladly to conform, he has attained a religious experience. He no longer lives in and for himself alone. He has "hitched his wagon to a star;" he has "changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun."

The formal institutions of religion may never have affected such a person in any appreciable degree. To most men these institutions are more or less valuable, more or less necessary. To many, because they seem artificial and unreal, they are not only unnecessary but valueless. While, therefore, the dogmas and sacraments of ecclesiasticism have been and are today the means of the religious quickening of multitudes of people, too many in our time, and to a growing number, some other means are more effective. I have known men to whom homely natural scenes under certain conditions, a night out under the silent stars, or a day in June on a hill-side among the flowers, under the blue sky, or a rare glimpse of the sea, or a vision of the glory of the sunset, have been more sacramental in the truest sense than to devoutly kneel before the elevation of the host and receive the consecrated wafer from the hand of a priest. Some persons can trace the dawn of their religious experience to their first real appreciation of a great work of art, a picture, a statue or a symphony, when for the first time in their lives they caught the artist's creative ideal of beauty, and shared it; others to the incoming of a great new truth that flooded their soul; others to the sympathetic contact with a noble heroic spirit in literature or in real life.

Whatever excites adoring admiration, whatever uplifts the soul, whatever induces aspiration, the profound longing of the heart for something worthier and better than present attainment, and constrains one "to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with his God" inaugurates a genuine experience of religion.

Essentially there is but *one* religion, the religion of humanity. While the most of us believe that Christianity is the noblest manifestation of this religion, we do not put forward for it any exclusive claim. It is for us the best of many manifestations. The devoted disciples of Jesus Christ, whatever be their sectarian name, experience little difficulty in worshiping together, and in worshiping together with the equally devoted disciples of Moses, of Confucius, of Laotze, of Buddha Gautama, of Krishna and of Mohammed, *just so long as they emphasize religion as an experience of the heart,* not as *dogma,* not as *ritual.* One was forcibly impressed by this truth at the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago. Essentially, in spirit and in practical aim, the disciples of these various religions and still more numerous sects are one. They alike reverence their ideals and devote themselves to the realization of them. They alike have caught a vision of the supreme Reality in and behind all phenomena and seek to conform themselves to it. They alike "have felt a Presence that disturbs" them "with the joy of elevated thoughts." The language in which they describe what they have seen and felt differs; the symbols by which they designate this Presence, this supreme Reality, such as Yahweh, Heaven, the Way, the Law, God, Father, Allah, widely differ; but their attitude towards the unseen Reality is the same. In the act of worship they are all brethren.

When, however, they begin to explain their religious experience, begin to formulate their various philosophies, in other words, begin to emphasize religion as a dogma or as an authoritative ecclesiastical system they immediately divide up into widely different and hostile camps, the various sects of each great religion differing among themselves quite as much as one religion differs from another.

Some day we shall learn that religion as an experience of the heart always brings men together, unites

them, helps them to appreciate their great common inheritance as fellow men, their equality before the Infinite Source of their being. Religion as an experience levels men up—not down. It destroys men's petty egotism, and marvelously broadens their sympathy. It puts an end forever to the spirit of exclusiveness, breaks down the barriers between classes and races. It constrains the narrow sectarian Peter to declare in the presence of the righteous Roman Centurion: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to him."

I repeat what I said a moment ago, that religion as an experience, alone gives significance to life, makes life intelligible. There is no unifying purpose in one's life until he experiences religion. The religion of another cannot help him, except to show him what life can mean, was meant to mean. Unless he feels and sees for himself he can discover no satisfactory interpretation of the mystery. With it he comes to know

"The guiding thread so fine
Along the mighty labyrinth."

With it he is no longer solitary and alone, but vitally related to the vast Whole; his individual life makes music with the Whole. His life is at last glorified because it has come to full and adequate expression. He has begun to be a man, a child of the Infinite.

No man's religious experience at the first is complete. It admits of indefinite growth, almost limitless expansion. It is like a grain of mustard seed that has just begun to develop into a tree in whose branches the birds of heaven can make their nests. Only give it room, and proper nourishment, and it will grow. "Ye shall be perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Other things being equal, the wider and profounder becomes man's knowledge, that is, the more perfect and complete the relations he establishes between himself and the Infinite, the nobler and more refined will become his ideals. His religious experience will correspond to his growing knowledge. The modern man knows God today as Power, Beauty, Justice, Beneficence more adequately than preceding generations could know him; and, inasmuch as knowledge and religion are in no true sense antagonistic, his love and devotion will be the more complete. It is absurd to perpetuate the old heresy that the wisest men are less religious than the ignorant, that as one's knowledge grows his religion declines.

We claim, therefore, as religious men that growing class in every community who are religious without being conscious of it, those who according to conventional ideas possess no religion, who themselves lay claim to none, who are yet more keenly sensitive, more promptly responsive to every word of truth, to every manifestation of beauty, to every act of justice and good-will than many of us who make the loudest profession. These men see more in the universe than many of us see. They feel more profoundly any lack of harmony between their actual lives and their ideals. They are more uncompromising in their obedience to conscience. They labor more resolutely to win the approval of the God within their own breast. They are readier than the most of us to make heroic sacrifices for noble spiritual ends. They live lives of greater value to human society. Certainly if religion possesses any meaning worth contending for, these men outside of all churches who urge no claim whatsoever must be considered among the most religious of us all.

I am frank to confess that I have found many of the choicest and rarest manifestations of the genuinely religious spirit among those who call themselves agnostics, whom the conventional religious world considers infidels, unbelievers. These reverent agnostics often believe more than those who condemn them. They worship more. They love and serve more. They commit themselves more unreservedly to their ideals.

May we not conclude that their agnosticism is but a rebuke to many of us who presumptuously claim an illegitimate knowledge of the Infinite, and that when we renounce our extravagant claims in the name of religion and frankly admit, in all humility, that we can know God only in so far as He is manifested in the mind and heart of man and in the universe of which man forms a part, the reason for the protest of agnosticism will be removed? Certainly when we come to recognize religion not as dogma, not as ritual, but as worship, the ascription of supreme worth to our highest and holiest ideals and the devotion of life to the realization of them, when at last we are willing to follow the shining path along which Jesus of Nazareth leads the way, most of those who at present are in antagonism to religious institutions will become our most valued allies.

Biblical Criticism as Promotive of Religion.

By Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, Cornell University.

The charge is frequently made that biblical criticism is subversive of religious faith. To deny this charge categorically would be to proclaim oneself blind to the most obvious facts. No thoughtful observer can fail to recognize that the critical study of the Bible has a tendency to undermine theological belief. It is quite impossible to accept even the simplest and most widely acknowledged results of biblical criticism and at the same time to maintain an honest belief in the Thirty-nine Articles, if there is any logical consistency. The ritual of the church reflects its dogma; the cult is closely associated with the creed. When the mind ceases to believe in the doctrine and the heart no longer finds nourishment in the sacraments, there are only two possible issues. Either a larger creed takes the place of the old one, and a more adequate symbolism furnishes fresh inspiration, or there is the bankruptcy of religious faith. For when belief in things divine has perished, and the sense of spiritual realities has decayed, religious faith cannot live. Morality, even of a high order, may survive. In fact, the ruin of the theological superstructure is not seldom due directly to a vigorous moral sense, scornful of duplicity, jealous of mental integrity, eager for the truth at any cost. But in many instances the disintegration of the creed, the cessation of habits of worship, the scepticism concerning external authority lead with appalling rapidity to the deterioration of character, signalized by a lowering of ethical standards and an abandonment of moral restraints. We are not justified in denying that biblical criticism may be, and at times actually is, subversive, not only of dogma, but of religious faith as well.

What, then, shall we do? Cease to investigate, disavow the results of conscientious inquiry, content ourselves with proclaiming the traditions of the fathers, declare that to be true which is demonstrably false, and bend our energies to a defense at all hazards of a faith whose foundations we dare not examine, in order to cause no offense? Even if this were possible, if the scholar could be effectually debarred from investigating, and the thinker from drawing his inferences from the facts, the desired result would not be gained, men would not be saved from the day of the soul's trial. If we were silent, the very stones would cry out. The mental habits formed in our kindergartens, the spirit of research fostered throughout our educational life, would rear the walls of criticism afresh. And the apologetics that is forced to resort to dis-

ingenuous methods, denying the plain import of language, distorting the facts of history, contradicting the primal convictions of the modern mind, would bring no salvation. For it undermines the very foundations of moral character, which are sincerity and truthfulness.

This situation is no new thing under the sun. Such dangers have been incidental to all religious progress. When Jesus said, "Man was not made for the sabbath, but the sabbath for man, therefore man is also lord of the sabbath," when he denounced the law of retaliation, when he attacked the sacrificial cult on the ground that the temple should be "a house of prayer," he realized that the good news of the kingdom of heaven would be a stumbling block to many. When Paul wrote to the Galatians, warning them not to return to the beggarly elements, keeping sabbaths, considering sacrifices, practicing circumcision, appealing to a law written on tablets of stone, he was well aware that some would find in his gospel of liberty the occasion for lawlessness. When Luther broke with papal authority, proclaimed justification by faith, and married the woman he loved, he knew that men trained to have their conscience in a priest's keeping and to look upon celibacy as the highest type of chastity would find in his teaching and example a pretext for sin. When Denck announced the principles of religious toleration, the inner light, and universal salvation, he divined and history blazoned forth the dangers of his thought in the lurid light of Muenster. Yet nobly confident in the supreme value of truth, these men pressed on, counting not the cost, and history records the triumphant justification of their holy boldness.

The backward path is closed. There is no return from the pursuit of truth except with a seared conscience and a smirched character. Before us lies the Promised Land. This Jordan of doubt and inquiry that runs dark between must needs be crossed, however its waters may rage and roar. Safety is on the other side.

Even the negative results of biblical criticism have a value as promotive of religion. For they remove serious obstacles in the way of faith. Such are the fictions woven about the Bible. Historic accuracy, prophetic infallibility, final authority are of their number. The Hebrew and Christian Scriptures contain many myths, legends and miraculous tales. These find their natural explanation in peculiar historic circumstances and universally observable modes of thought. If it is demanded that they be regarded as sober accounts of actually occurring events, men may readily be tempted to live without the comforts of religion rather than thus to stultify themselves. Israel, like other peoples in antiquity, had its oracle-givers. It is the enduring glory of this nation that some of its diviners rose to be something more than soothsayers, became preachers of social righteousness. But as their eyes were constantly turned toward the future, they all occasionally foretold coming events. The more definite these predictions were, the more widely they differed from the evolving facts of history. Many of the prophecies of the Hebrew Bible have no such import as early Christian writers imagine. If it is required that one set of statements be squared with another, ever at the cost of dishonest treatment alike of biblical texts and historic facts, it is not astonishing that some men should choose what is repeatedly held out as the only alternative and give up their religious faith altogether. In Israel, as elsewhere, social custom found expression in codified law, and religious speculation uttered its credo. As the national life changed, law supplanted law, and knowledge grew from more to more. In the realm of living reality there is no fixity, no finality. If then it is urged that all the vast and varied contents of a literature extending over a thousand years must be construed to body forth the same unchanged ideas, or that what happens to be its latest utterance written more than seventeen centuries ago must be taken to be the ultimate revelation of religious and moral truth to mankind, so preposterous a demand might easily lead thoughtful men to suspect that religious faith is not compatible with mental sanity. Biblical criticism, by removing these fictitious values, takes away the obstacles that are today most baneful and allows the free exercise of the religious instincts.

But criticism is not merely destructive. It is chiefly constructive. And its positive gains are most efficient aids to religious faith. Its aim is to restore the original. As textual criticism it seeks to reproduce the original words; as literary criticism it endeavors to find the mind expressing itself in the words; as historical criticism it undertakes to discover the social milieu in which the mind conceived such ideas and expressed itself in such words. Hence its jealousy of every later accretion, its anxiety for the precise shade of thought, its eagerness to determine the date of every smallest fragment. The critic listens to the pulse-beats of the author he is interpreting. He lives with him, forgets his intellectual home and kindred to walk with him, a pilgrim through a strange land, thinking his thoughts and feelings as he did. Now the great personalities of ancient Israel were marked by their religious faith. Such intimacy, therefore, cannot but leave a powerful impression upon the interpreter. Faith engenders faith. A genuine inspiration is contagious, it causes others to be inspired. A true revelation is a drawing aside of the curtain to show another veil beyond. For there are folds upon folds to truth. Thrown into the midst of the rushing life of Israel, the critic realizes that the great forces operating in that life are forever working in mankind, that the river of God flowing with light and inspiration through this ancient people is a perennial stream running through all ages and all climes. He comes to believe in a present inspiration and a continuous revelation. The religious value of this new recognition lies in the fact that it strengthens men's confidence in their immediate intuitions of truth and justice and allows faith to settle with triumphant assurance upon what is a present reality to the soul.

As a consequence of the closer acquaintance with these holy men of old, and the truer estimate of their experience, biblical criticism is able to furnish still another important aid to religious faith. It teaches men how to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential, that which is of permanent significance and that which perishes with the using, whether it be an idea, a custom, or an institution. A cleavage is run, no longer perpendicularly between the Bible and all other religious literature, but horizontally between the loftiest thoughts and noblest sentiments found anywhere and the larger substratum of coarser material. Sacred books are no longer measured with two kinds of measure. The truth being deemed important rather than the place where it happens to be found, and regardless of the alloy with which it is mixed, an incalculable aid is rendered to the religious faith of non-Christian peoples by an example that, applied to their own sacred writings, opens the door to limitless progress and truest unity of spirit with all believers. Gradually the critic learns to take still another step. Having at first naturally centered his affection and admiration on those elements that are most akin to his own thought and feeling, he begins in course of time to

view with juster appreciation the things discarded, the survivals of earlier developments, the arrested growths, the pathological symptoms. He turns from Amos to the Priests' Code, from Job to Proverbs, from Jonah to Esther, from Canticles to Ecclesiastes, and before a broader intelligence and a fairer judgment denunciation dies upon his lips, and hidden beauties spring to view. If a man can sit in the seat of the scornful and watch with contempt only or pity, but with no thrill of genuine sympathy, the elevation of the host in Catholic cathedral, or the sprinkling of an infant's brow in Protestant church, or the libations to a Chinese idol, or the prostrations of the Muslin at the muedhdhin's call, he is as yet, whatever his attainments, a tyro in the criticism of religious life. The truest kind of reverence is fostered by biblical criticism.

Religious faith does not depend upon the adequacy of religious conceptions, or even upon the objective reality of the things conceived. If that were the case, no religious faith would be possible, since no human conception can adequately mirror the infinite reality. Faith is the creative source of all religious ideas and all their combinations into systems of theology. These have their day and cease to be. But faith itself remains to lift mankind. Bodies of divinity decay that it may be nourished. It may pour out its treasures at the feet of a king in all his beauty seated on his throne beyond the confines of the world. It may offer its devotion to a spirit that weaves around him nature as a living garment. It may present its offerings to a humanity that shall live when we have shuffled off this mortal coil. Its essence is the same. True faith is, as the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews said long ago, "the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen." Through the labors of biblical criticism this faith rises stronger than ever and more refined to lead us on.

Higher Living. XVII.

Deep, unspeakable suffering may well be called a baptism, a regeneration, the initiation into a new state.
—*George Eliot.*

We must bear in mind what almost all forget, that the rewards of life are contingent upon obedience to the whole law—physical as well as moral—and that moral obedience will not atone for physical sin, or vice versa. —*Huxley.*

The ink of science is more precious than the blood of martyrs. —*Arabic.*

Touch us gently, Time!
  Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
  Thro' a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three,
(One is lost, an angel, fled
To the azure overhead.)

Touch us gently, Time!
  We've not proud nor soaring wings,
Our ambition, our content,
  Lie in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, gentle Time!
—*Bryan Waller Procter.*

Be patient and wise! The eyes of Death
Look on us with a smile; her soft caress,
That stills the anguish and that stops the breath,
Is Nature's ordination, meant to bless
Our mortal woes with peaceful nothingness.
Be not afraid! The Power that made the light
In your kind eyes, and set the stars on high,
And gave us love, meant not that all should die—
Like a brief day-dream quenched in sudden sight.
Think that to die is but to fall asleep
And wake refreshed where the new morning breaks,
And golden day her rosy vigor takes
From winds that fan eternities' far height,
And from the white crests of God's perpetual deep.
—*William Winter.*

When accident endangers or disease invades the nursery, then is the supreme test of all that has gone before, in the way both of endowment and of training. If both parents and children have had these in reasonable measure, then is there maximum hope of safety and recovery. If otherwise, on the part of either, then is the situation correspondingly grave. Often the seriousness is intensified even unto death, simply because of the lack of parental self-control and intelligence. No physician or nurse can obviate the blighting influence of this; for no matter how skillful and devoted the professional attendance may be, every little sufferer needs the sustaining communion and comfort of the parental voice and heart and hand. Technical skill cannot be a substitute for this, try as it may. On the other hand, when skill is interfered with by obtrusive, selfish, ignorant parents, no matter how "affectionate" or "sacrificing," there is no question about the harm that is done. Sick or hurt children need *parents,* not impulsive, senseless, self-indulgers, acting under the guise of "devotion." Moreover, they need that the hour of suffering shall be somewhat prepared for, by being taught that physicians and nurses and medicines are all as well meant and as kind and pleasant as may be possible. Any family in which these by ordinary conversation are converted into ogres, or, by efforts at discipline, into abductors and executioners, need not expect its little ones, even when mortal diseases or broken bones are at hand, to behave rationally. No one should be accepted as family physician or nurse who cannot be accepted as an intimately trusted friend as well. And the children of the family, especially, should be taught in every way to look upon these comers as but little less than angels, in full embodiment and service.

Likewise there is another, almost an opposite matter which needs just as careful consideration as this; namely, the need of obviating the almost absolute dependence on physicians and nurses that obtains in so many households. While young parents are trying to understand and care for their first baby, it is quite necessary that they take few chances and seek skilled advice and care, even upon the appearance of slight symptoms. But it is a suggestive comment on the blind misusing of opportunity that during subsequent experiences of the kind, parents so often find themselves still none the less self-distrustful and incapable. A single close observation of the origin and course of the ordinary children's diseases ought to furnish parents means for ordinarily distinguishing between their early manifestations and something less serious; while in almost every other instance close observation for twenty-four hours will enable them to decide sensibly and rationally whether a physician should be called or not. A sad frittering of personal responsibility is it, when upon every little deviation from the healthy standard the child's consciousness has to be disturbed by the coming of a physician, even until it gets notions of thorough disrespect for him, or else, a seriously exaggerated fear of disease. Altogether too much of the sickness of today is based upon fear which has been thus engendered and cultivated early in life. Of all things, avoid converting health consciousness into disease consciousness any earlier or any faster than circumstances actually compel. Children have a right to be saved from this—a right which should be respected, both for their own sakes and their parents.

When the doctor has come and gone, let the disease side of the child's life drop out of conversation and even of care, as much as may be warranted by events. A mistake that people everywhere make is, that children are not impressed when they do not take notice and respond. Yet this is not so; and especially when sick, children are often much more impressionable than when well. Hence, crude remarks about their condi-

tion sow seed-thoughts that become heavy thought-burdens later on. Overmuch care and "fussing" about their diseases are apt to leave similar notional impressions. In all cases let the talk, the room, the actions be as near to normal as possible. True sympathy need not name nor talk about disease; true care need not exaggerate conditions; true forethought need not make possible outcomes vivid. Father's ordinary voice and action, and mother's usual tenderness, are remedial; where strained emotional efforts are destructive. No matter what happens, it is the sick child that is at stake, not the feelings of parents, or of anyone else.

Nor should parents fail to so anticipate the dread responsibility of the sickroom as not to be able to take rightful care of themselves. How frequently do mothers, even nursing mothers, during the sickness of their children deprive themselves of the rest, food, and mental relief, which are absolutely essential for both their own and their children's good. Some labor under the idea that it is undutiful to leave the sick one to others, even for an hour. But this is wrong. Parents are needed not only for the sick child, but for all the other children of the home, both born and unborn. Duty requires recollection of these, as well as devotion to the case in hand. Seldom, indeed, should it be that the mother remain by her loved one longer than a couple of hours at a time; and this should alternate with rest, food, and attention to other things, so as to get proper relief from the pervading and pervasive mental stress. This is necessary in order that when crises or other emergencies come she shall have due control of herself, as well as all her mother-wit at hand. Remember, besides, that it is the atmosphere of the sickroom which often determines the ultimate result.

Supposing the prognosis has been grave—the symptoms have become alarming, the suffering intense. Now, if ever, do parents show the fundamental characteristics of their lives; also, this is a moment when personal history is made as never at other times. If they be parents in deed; if they be persons reliable in body and mind; if they have sub-soiling, accurate culture—then do they grasp the situation in detail, nerve themselves for the awful strain, and often bring victory out of impending defeat. If not thus constitutioned and prepared, then do they often have all their future marred by recollections that humiliate and pain them unspeakably. Surely, then, this crucial moment, if so anguish charged and yet so responsible, should be thought of in wisest, most intelligent anticipation.

With the crisis passed, the heart beating calmly again, the parental guardianship must now take on new lines of devotion. Often sickness has relaxed and subverted discipline; sometimes there are bodily results which must be regarded as permanent; occasionally the little brain has received such a starving or poisoning that for long, and possibly forever, the mind must be held in more or less abeyance. In any event, there are certain new aspects of the child which will need adequate study and direction. Let this be given duly and strictly. Not the same child has emerged from the sickness that was plunged into it. But in this there is no excuse for mismanagement; nor is there often cause for despair. Take things as they are; improve them in every way practicable; hope on, keep busy. Life, even married and maimed life, is moldable for better, as well as in other ways. Some of the grandest triumphs of parental skill and devotion have been wrested from the very jaws of life-long decadence. So far as the child is concerned, everything useful is its need and consequently its right. God smiles upon the perfect devotion of parenthood, even though its gift be at best imperfect; and especially, when, in the midst of imperfection, there is sedulously cultivated the foundations of that flower and fruitage, which are none the less surely realized in His good time. God crowns the parent, who, because of due preparation and will, thus so truly manifests the divine patience and strength.

SMITH BAKER, M. D.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Shakespeare's Life and Work.*

Is an admirable reprint in cheaper form and with some omissions and much condensation of the author's larger work on the "Life of William Shakespeare." In a very concise and perspicuous manner the author presents the principal results of scholarly investigation respecting the works and life of Shakespeare. It is worth while to direct attention to Dr. Lee's interpretation of the sonnets and his solution of the difficult problems which are furnished by these poems. One is somewhat surprised to meet with a pronouncement of this sort even on the drama, "Titus Andronicus." He writes thus: "The tragedy, a sanguinary picture of the decadence of Imperial Rome, contains powerful lines and situations, but is far too repulsive in plot and treatment, and too ostentatious in classical allusions, to take rank with Shakespeare's acknowledged work." One is curious to know what sort of historical or other criticism this is and what results it would effect if generally applied to any author's supposed writings. The table of contents arranged in chronological order and the exhaustive index place the contents of the book within easy mastery of the student. The appendices present a pretty complete bibliography of Shakespearean literature and an account of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

W. P. L.

Earth Work out of Tuscany.†

The first edition of this book was long since out of print. The second was costly and not particularly attractive.. The present is much more so, the make-up being that of the Eversley Edition, in which the MacMillan Company has published Walter Pater's and many other books. Nothing that Mr. Hewlett has written deserves a beautiful setting more obviously than this "Earth-Work." Two or three of the papers are, to my thinking, worth more than his "Forest Lovers," "Little Novels of Italy," and "Richard Yea and Nay." Some of the disfigurements of those books are anticipated in this one, but only to a very moderate degree. The general purpose of the book is to find in Italian art and literature a reflection of Italian life. "Quattrocentisteria" is a long word for "little Fourteenth century things," and for a daringly exquisite story of "How Landro Botticelli Saw Likronetta in the Spring," told in the manner of Lorenzo di Medici. Even more subtile, if less beautiful, is "A Sacrifice at Prato," an exceedingly ingenious account of the experiences of a Pagan who seems to have strayed over into Christian times and is much baffled by the resemblances of the Christian worship to the Pagan, together with a certain margin of difference. The general contention of the book is perfectly made good and is capable of wider application.

J. W. C.

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* "Shakespeare's Life and Work," by Dr. Sidney Lee. The Macmillan Co. New York. Price 80 cents.

† "Earth Work out of Tuscany." Being Impressions and Translations of Maurice Hewlett. Third Edition. Russia. New York. Macmillan Company.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Guard against the omission of little ministries.

MON.—We overrate what we set our hearts upon.

TUES.—It is a wholesome pinch which reminds us of necessity and urges effort.

WED.—Plans not pliant enough to swerve are irksome bonds.

THURS.—Much practice goes before perfection and a multitude of experiments before success.

FRI.—Do not fret over unowned fields—wealth, science, opportunity or open country. We can own them with our eyes, and that is often the happiest way.

SAT.—Blessings on all who are willing to fill chinks! Generally those nearest the breach, whatever it is, should make haste to stand in the gap.

Julia H. Johnston.

Love to You All.

Among the many sweet pictures
That come at memory's call.
There is one that visits me often
As the twilight shadows fall.
'Tis a group of childish figures,
Ling'ring at the stairway door,
Oft in merry tones repeating
The same fond words o'er and o'er:
"Good night,
Love to you all, kiss to you all."

'Tis strange to me now a-dreaming
Of those scenes gone past recall,
That we ever chid the darlings
For their oft repeated call,
Or were vexed because they loitered
When the good nights had been said,
Waited, calling from the stairway,
Ere they scampered off to bed:
"Good night,
Love to you all, kiss to you all."

For now as I sit in the gloaming,
Held fast in memory's thrall,
My heart is with those dear ones,
And I hear that good night call.
I long for the group at the fireside,
The group at the stairway door;
My soul cries out to each loved one,
Here and on the other shore:
"Good night,
Love to you all, kiss to you all."

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

Country Week Experiences.

It is pleasant to think of the thousands of children sent for a fortnight into the country by the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Very few fail to come back the better and the brighter for their change. What pleasant memories they bring back with them few can realize that have not been among them. A number of extracts from essays, written by little Jewish children, have been collected by Mr. Lewis, of Toynbee Hall.

Nearly all the children comment on the kindness of the cottagers with whom they stayed. "When I came there I asked the teacher if I might go and live with the same lady as last year, and she said 'Yes.'" "One day when we were having our tea the lady asked me if I wanted another cup, so I said 'No, thanks,' and she said we must always say 'Yes, please.'" "We were very good children, and the lady said she would like to keep us for a month" (*i. e.*, instead of the fortnight). "My lady was very kind; she used to shine my boots." "The lady who took care of me told me to call her 'Mamma.'" "When I left my lady I cried very much."

Here are some reflections on the differences between town and country: "In the country there are hardly any shops and houses; the roads are rough; there are hardly any police; and it is very badly lighted at night-time." "My lady's husband used to earn fourteen shillings a week, and if a man earns one sovereign a week he is called a gentleman." "All the Christian boys talk so funny" (*i. e.*, with a broad Essex accent) "that I could hardly understand them. They were very kind to us. There are no public-houses like in London. There are no pavements like in London, but there are roads." "One thing struck me most, and that was I saw several houses with thatched roofs. I said to myself, 'This is funny; in the country the people are subject to heavy storms and lightning, and still they have these roofs.'" "Cows and horses may be seen lounging about and enjoying the pasturage." "The country people do not give up their lives to the gaiety and frivolous pleasures which most of London people do; but they seek their home pleasures with satisfaction. It is a fact that the country people are more healthy than the London people, because they work in the open air, while the London people work in the close factories and workshops, and are confined to the disagreeable smells of the article they make."

Signs are not lacking of appreciation of natural beauties. "As soon as I had put away my parcel I went out to explore the country round. * * * We had to climb up the hills and stop every minute to wait for one of our friends. When we got to the top we were very tired; but we said it was worth going up these hills to see the glorious view of the land below. The fields of corn—wheat and barley—looked like gold in the sun." "In the evening I saw the sunset, and it turned into some beautiful colors." "The sky was bluer there than here." "I often rose early in the morning to hear the birds sing their beautiful melodies, and the cocks crow to wake the rest of the household up."

"When I was there about a week the shepherd, who kept a flock of a hundred and seven sheep, used to take me with him into the fields to help him to look after the sheep." "My lady's husband took me out for a drive in the corn-fields, and we helped him to put the hay on his cart." "I had a very kind lady, and I enjoyed myself very much with the lady's animals." "Every Tuesday there was a market-day, and we saw how the men took hold of the pigs' ears and tails and put them into the cart, and they used to scream something awful, and we could not hold our sides from laughing." "Our lady took us into the vegetable garden and showed us how she dug the potatoes for our dinner." "We used to go to the well to draw the water. Our lady used to catch rain-water; we used to wash ourselves with it." "I went out into the field and helped the men to sheave the corn." "A week before we went home the gentleman took us to the weaving-house" (at Haslemere) "and we saw ladies weaving cloth." "Also we wanted to give the lady less trouble, we went wooding for her; that is going out in the fields and picking up large blocks of wood and putting it in sacks."

One of the young essayists wrote: "I hope my description will be satisfactory;" while one girl summed up the result of her experiences by saying: "My life down there was like a beautiful dream, and when I returned to London I seemed to be awake."—*English Exchange.*

A Blessing.

The Lord bless thee!
How shall he bless thee?
With the gladness that knoweth no decay,
With the riches that can not pass away,
With the sunshine that makes an endless day—
Thus may he bless thee.

And keep thee!
How shall he keep thee?
With the all-covering shadow of his wings,
With the strong love that guards from evil things,
With the sure power that safe to glory brings—
Thus may he keep thee. —*Unknown.*

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EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.
WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Brotherhood.

That plenty but reproaches me
  Which leaves my brother bare.
Not wholly glad my heart can be
  While he is bowed with care.
If I go free, and sound and stout
  While his poor fetters clank,
Unsated still, I'll cry out,
  And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty: Thou who Father be
  Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
  That whichsoever fall,
The other's hand may fail him not,—
  The other's strength decline
No task of succor that his lot
  May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed. I would be clad,
  I would be housed and dry.
But if so be my brave heart is sad,—
  What benefit have I?
Best he whose shoulders best endure
  The load that brings relief,
And best shall be his joy secure
  Who shares that joy with grief.

—*E. S. Martin in Scribner's Magazine, May, 1891.*

Vacation Notes.

THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC.—A half hour's ride by rail from Ithaca brings one to the little village of Freeville, Tompkins county, N. Y., whose chief title to fame seems to be that in its immediate vicinity are the homes of the Georges and the seat of the now widely known George Junior Republic. On inquiring of the Freeville station master the would-be visitor to the Republic will be told to "go to the first crossing and then follow the cinder path around to the left." Once started on the cinder path it is impossible to lose the way, as it leads along the crest of a sightly ridge from which the land rolls away to rise again into uplands or hills in the distance on either side. It is a green and fertile country, not so picturesque as the vicinity of Ithaca with its lake and gorges, but yet a "goodly heritage" and one commanding that wide all-round horizon with boundless sky views, which seem in themselves to give the soul a certain spiritual uplift and expansion. A conspicuous guide-board wherever the path turns leaves the traveler no chance of ignorantly going astray. Near the village, on the occasion of my visit, the wild carrot and other growths had been laid low on either side the path, but farther on the ragweed deposited its green dust on the skirts of the passer-by, and "troublers"—as a little girl once called the teazles—rose purple or brown and stately, like guards along the way. In about fifteen minutes one's expectant gaze is attracted by a somewhat scattered group of buildings on rising ground, and particularly by a tower-like structure consisting of a four-faced truncated cone surmounted by a water tank. A bare-headed urchin in shirt sleeves and overalls comes rapidly, mailbag in hand, along the path. A smile spreads over his face at the question: "Is this the Junior Republic just ahead?" But he does not slacken his pace for a moment as he answers, "Yes, ma'am." A few steps farther and the conspicuous announcement, "Visitors welcome," points one into a very freshly painted new frame structure, the Howland, or girls', hotel. Here Mr. George has his office. Various individuals passed on the way toward it, seeming too intent on their own occupations to pay any attention to another's coming or going, but on entering the open door of the Howland Hotel and its office a man of muscular figure and smiling countenance comes forward with extended hand and cordial welcome, as if to an old friend. "I am Mr. George," he says, and, on mention of your own name at once introduces you to the visitor he has just been talking with.

Then stepping to a window he shouts over to a group of boys on a neighboring veranda to stop one who is just going the rounds with a guest. While himself conducting the newcomer in that direction he explains that the guide to whom he will commit her temporarily is an ex-citizen of the Republic, now fitting for Princeton at an excellent private school in Connecticut. One of the guests being interested in libraries, he himself escorts her to the Republic's attractive library and stays to point out its most interesting features. The library is a memorial one, as is indicated by a tablet on the door and over the fireplace a life-sized photograph of the boy whose parents seek to keep his memory green by offering opportunity of mental culture to other lads and lassies. Near by, over a bookcase, hangs a highly decorative tablet, which Mr. George explains is an honor roll for the names of such citizens of the Republic as distinguish themselves in after life. No entries have yet been made on it, but there are already several ex-citizens who are considered eligible for a place there and it will doubtless prove in time no slight inspiration and stimulus to younger citizens. Low, easily accessible bookcases line the walls. The books themselves are all swathed in brown paper covers, which detract much from their effectiveness as furnishing for the room, to say nothing of their attractiveness to would-be readers. The titles being hidden, the only clew to the whereabouts of a desired volume must be found in the catalogue or in familiarity with the system on which the books are shelved. This last is, of course, not difficult to acquire, and the small but well-rounded collection is much appreciated by the boys. Here, as in many of the down-town New York city libraries, the report is that the girls are little given to reading, the difficulty being not lack of time so much as inclination. Any one at all familiar with the organization and methods of the Republic is not at all surprised to learn that the shelf of law books is one whose contents are in most active demand among the citizens.

From the library we start for a tour of the public buildings. It makes a somewhat painful impression that the most commanding position on the grounds is occupied by the boys' prison with its grated windows, this being the tower-like structure already mentioned. Around this, however, are now grouped the schoolhouse and store; the boys' hotel, in which are the dining rooms; a large and well appointed barn with dairy below; a carpenters' shop bearing the very ornate sign of two young citizens as builders and contractors; the printing office, where the citizens issue a monthly paper, "The Republic Citizen"; the bank and shoe shop; the laundry, separate hospitals for boys and girls and a number of private cottages. Some little distance down the road is the founder's residence, which always houses also a certain number of boys and girls. Near this home of Mr. George the new chapel is rising, while on a knoll in the other direction an attractive building is going up to be known as the New York cottage. These various cottages are many of them sort of joint stock company affairs in which the industrious and enterprising citizen may secure a bona fide financial and landed interest. This is the case with the New York cottage destined for the use of citizens from the Empire state.

Saturday is not the most interesting day to visit the Republic, particularly in midsummer, as the school is not in session and in the afternoon, at least, there is a general suspension of the regular activities for the weekly half holiday. Nevertheless it is interesting to see the citizens at their sports: tennis, base ball, etc., into which Mr. George and some of the other leading residents enter with as much apparent zest as the younger citizens.

After making the round of grounds and buildings it is interesting to return to the large hotel and watch the citizens of both sexes gathering for their dinner. The furniture and table appointments are adapted to the means of the patrons. The lazy and shiftless find themselves on plain wooden benches at bare tables furnished only with a cheap plate and large tin cup; while the thrifty, industrious and well-to-do meet in a less barrack-like dining room where the tables are spread with white tablecloths and set with more of the conveniences of civilization. The one is known as the ten-cent, the other as the twenty-five-cent, dining room. This means that amount in the coin of the Republic, which has one-fifth the value of Uncle Sam's currency. It is quite a privilege for the visitor to dine in this hotel as it gives an opportunity to judge of their daily fare and, what is still more desirable, to come in contact with various citizens and draw them out on personal matters or affairs of state. For instance, just at present, the waiters in the first class dining room are chiefly boys. This, as one of them explained, is due to the fact that woman suffrage is just now a vital issue in the politics of the Junior Republic. Pending the settlement of this burning question the waitresses were so teased

about it by the boys that nearly all resigned their positions. Opinion is divided even among the masculine members of the community, but there seems no lack of a reason for the faith that is in them, whatever it may be. Perhaps the most interesting opinion was that expressed by a boy waiter: "I think girls ought to have a chance to vote in the Republic because they come here to learn just as much as boys do, but I should not believe in it outside; there their business is in the home and I think they'll have to get along the best they can."

But while on Saturday afternoon one cannot see much of the actual work done at the Republic one may perchance have the pleasure of a little leisurely talk with Mr. George, and if, as in my own case, there are also present a mother returning her happy boy to the care of the Republic after a two-months' vacation in his New York home, and a thoughtful woman studying everything with a watchful eye to its probable influence on some wilful boy she would fain see helped and guided, much information will be likely to be elicited as to methods tried and untried, ideals, purposes and results. Some serious questions will be sure to present themselves to the visitor and they will not all be answered satisfactorily by the obervations of a Saturday visit, but this conviction at least one will surely come away with, particularly after hearing some of "Daddy" George's true stories; namely, that here is a serious, loving and deliberate attempt to give some such wholesome fundamental training in manliness as the hero in Captains Courageous was fortunate enough to get by accident. The Junior Republic seems to realize about as nearly as possible the moralist's dream of a Land of Consequences, and one would like to go back again and again to study the results of this literal application of the law: If a man will not work neither shall he eat. M. E. H.

Foreign Notes.

HOLLAND.—The University of Glasgow has offered the title of doctor in theology to Professor Chantepie de la Sanssaye. While fully appreciating the distinction thus offered him the honorable professor of the University of Leyden felt that he could not accept it on account of England's treatment of the Dutch element in South Africa. —*Le Protestant.*

GERMANY.—A German religious society has asked for competitive papers on the following subject: "The development of the religious life in the child and the deductions to be drawn from it in regard to his instruction and education." The prize to be awarded the best work on this important subject is a journey through Palestine, but the privilege of thus visiting the Holy Land will only be accorded to one who shall have carefully noted the value of personal activity as a means of education and clearly shown that religion should be not taught but lived. —*Le Progres religieux.*

SWITZERLAND.—An association similar to that in France for the benefit of ex-priests, is being formed in Switzerland to assist officers who have resigned from the Salvation Army. Of these it seems there are a large number, the Army being more apt to arouse a momentary enthusiasm than to keep its hold on reflecting men and women. —*Temoignage.*

——In certain parts of Switzerland Catholic priests and Protestant pastors live on very good terms. Thus, recently, in the rural canton of Basel two pastors were present at the sacerdotal jubilee of the parish priest of the region, and voiced the respect felt for him by his Protestant neighbors, while the venerable recipient of the honors of the occasion responded by a really affecting eulogy of the ministry of the reformed pastors. "Happy," exclaims *Le Protestant*, a Paris paper, in reporting this incident, "Happy the country, where one can, without failing in fidelity to his own convictions, honor those of brothers in another church!"

FRANCE.—While we hear less than formerly of university extension in England and America, in France there is developing a movement for popular education somewhat similar but differentiated in the minds of those most interested by the fact that it started from below, not from above, that it is not an "intellectual charity." Mr. G. Deherme, member of the editorial committee of the *Union pour l'action morals*, has been giving, in successive numbers of the bulletin of that society, some account of the origin and growth of this movement, which in its most successful form is known by the very happily suggestive title of the organ in which it first found voice, Cooperation in Ideas (*La Cooperation des Idees*).

It was some dozen years ago that a few workmen, for the most part disabused of any communistic or revolutionary dreamings, used to meet once a week in the small backroom of a wine merchant to discuss philosophy, sociology and art. Here they brought together their meager stores of information on the topics that interested them, and the few books at their command. But they were a poor, isolated little group, suspected and watched by the police; frequent changes of locality were inevitable and after some years of difficulty and discouragement the group dispersed. The effort took on another form and in 1894 appeared a little sheet under the title mentioned above. The right means had been found for attracting attention and securing aid. By 1896 the modest little paper had become a monthly review and since April, 1900, it has appeared as a weekly journal with a good circulation. In its earlier days it attracted the favorable notice of certain artists, thinkers and scholars, particularly of Mr. Henry Mazel, who secured for the movement the devoted support of certain literary men, and by his advice and encouragement paved the way for organization. In the fall of 1897 it was decided to establish in the faubourg Saint Antoine a center of ethical social education. In February, 1898, the lectures or *causeries* began with a small group of workingmen, out of which has grown one of the most successful and original of the "Popular Universities."

The first program and appeal were published in the *Cooperation des Idees* in January, 1898. Space will not permit extended quotation, but the plan was to rent a room with some benches and a large table around which professor and pupils could gather in friendly fashion. The students would be the workmen of the neighborhood and would pay a monthly subscription of ten cents each. The range of subjects was a wide one, each teacher choosing his own and developing it as he saw fit. The sessions were to be divided into three parts of twenty minutes each, the first devoted to an examination of the written work of the students based on the previous lesson, the second to presentation of the subject for the day, the third to answering questions proposed by the class and to discussion. The generosity of a friend had provided one hundred francs ($25) for the initial expenses and the work began. The following extract indicates the underlying purpose and spirit of the movement: "We wish to stimulate the will and direct it toward social action. It is the people who will save the people, but they must be given intelligent leaders. One sober workman in every workshop would do more to combat alcoholism than all the prohibitive laws and repressive measures. Ten intelligent and upright workers familiar with the true principles of cooperation, the great laws of human solidarity, would do more for social amelioration than all the private or official charities and all the labor legislation. Justice, liberty, solidarity are not something outside of man. They are nothing, mere empty words, without the man, just, free and *solidaire*. It is such men we wish to make." So for two years *every evening* these hand workers and brain workers met around their long table covered with magazines, by the light of a few poor kerosene lamps. There was no catechizing for any church, no making capital for any party. There were no rewards in the way of diplomas or decorations. The studies were carried on simply for the love of truth. On the walls were such mottoes as "Live for others," "There is but one vital force in society: man;" "We accept the most daring Utopias by preparing to live them."

So the thing grew till the little room on the rue Paul-Bert grew too small and it was decided to organize a Society of Popular Universities. In a few weeks several thousand francs were collected and in October, 1899, the University of the people opened its doors in what had previously been one of those ignoble concert halls of the workingmen's quarter. About 500 registrations had been booked for; within the first month there were 2,200. Up to the present time (June, 1901) there have been 12,500, mostly workmen and employes. Nor is there any cessation of the activity. Every evening, even in midsummer, there are a lecture and various classes (languages, music, elocution, electricity, stenography, photography, etc.) and on Sunday artistic soirees, concert or theater.

The present quarters cost 15,000 francs, and include a large vestibule serving as registration bureau and coat room, and ornamented with casts from the Louvre; to the left the secretary's office, a photographic laboratory, and a supply room, also a class room capable of seating 50 persons. This on Sunday is transformed into temperance refreshment room. To the right a long corridor leads to the library, the museum and the large hall, adorned with casts of the friezes from the Parthenon. The library, large and well lighted, is still inadequate but is rich in works of art. Here are to be found the principal reviews and about 3,000 volumes. These include but little fiction. The works most read are those on social economics and philosophy, and at least 1,000 volumes are constantly out for home reading.

The little museum, which serves also as a class room, is inadequate but special exhibitions are held there from time to time along lines suggested by artist friends. Then there is the large hall capable of seating 400 persons, where lectures are given every week day evening, and entertainments on Sunday. Sometimes more than 500 people crowd into it.

The liberal press was at first well disposed toward the new institution, but when the names of certain socialists, and even anarchists, appeared on its program there was a scandal and the liberal papers withdrew their support. When, on the other hand, a priest was invited to set forth to these intelligent workingmen the reasons for his faith, all went well the first evening, by the second the "advanced" press had taken up the matter, some socialists of more zeal than intelligence, created a disturbance, and in spite of the desire of the majority the speaker could not proceed. Then, with beautiful consistency, the liberal press took up the cudgels in defense of free speech. These are said to be the only two incidents of note

during three years in which the widest range of subjects has been treated by men of all shades of opinion.

It would be instructive to have some comparative estimate of this work from the pen of a competent American or Englishman familiar with all phases of the movement for university extension. M. E. H.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of Unity:—I have just returned from the annual assembly at Lithia Springs, where I took part in the dedication of a beautiful grove of 200 acres to the cause of religion and education. If I had been present throughout the meetings I should like to write a report of them for Unity. As it is, I can give only the result of my observations in a flying visit. The assembly was a splendid illustration of what one truly consecrated man may do for the cause for which Unity is working. Its senior editor ought to have been there. Jasper Douthit has created a constituency for Unity in Shelby county.

Sunday, August 25, was dedication day. The people had gathered by the thousand from all parts of the country, and nearly a thousand were already tenting there. Upon the same platform there spoke representatives of the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, United Brethren, Cumberland Presbyterian, Christian, Universalist, Unitarian, and, I think, still other denominations, all promising their hearty co-operation to this heroic and self-sacrificing Unitarian missionary, in a work which reaches far beyond denominational lines.

Largely by the courageous work of Secretary Charles E. St. John, the sum of $8,000 has been raised to free the grounds from debt. But the fact that this money has come from Unitarians does not seem to have frightened any one away. They came in larger numbers than ever this year, and are now leasing ground upon which to erect cottages. Several features of the summer school have been successfully introduced. This part of the work, it is expected, will be considerably extended. The speakers who "reach the people" at Lithia are those who can speak in the language of the people; but the people listen best, after all, to him who has something to say. Talmage drew a big crowd at his first appearance, but a smaller number next time. Sam Jones also drew large audiences at first. But the people who come there do not demand sensation. On Sunday, August 25, they listened patiently for three hours to as many as ten different speakers, and were willing to stay longer. Rev. Fred V. Hawley, of Louisville, is one of those who are heard most gladly. Mrs. Ormison-Chant, of London, added largely to the success of this summer's encampment. Altogether it was an inspiring meeting, and it may perhaps point to the fact that the day of reconciliation between the various religious interests of the world is not quite so far away as some of us have supposed. F. C. Southworth.

Ere I had seen thee, how tardily flowing
Stole from my breast the faint notes of my song;
Now, like spring freshets, their gates overthrowing,
Roll the strong torrents along.

Pale was my life, and the white mists above me
Dimmed to my sight the soft splendor of May;
Now, but a glimpse of the hope that you love me
Lights and illumines my way.

Darkling I stood, and tumultuous fancies
Surged through my soul like black billows of night;
Now the wide future, in sun-lit expanses,
Radiant bursts on my sight.

Dost thou not see the dawn's beckoning finger,
How the young light, like a full swelling tide,
Breaks through its flood-gates? Oh, why dost thou linger?
Wake, my beloved! My bride!

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